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Elizabeth Waldron
The Gift of her School-fellow
PITY'S GIFT!
M. L.

A
COLLECTION
OF
INTERESTING TALES,
TO EXCITE THE
COMPASSION OF YOUTH
FOR
THE ANIMAL CREATION.

ORNAMENTED WITH VIGNETTES.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF MR. PRATT.

SELECTED BY A LADY.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN, PATERNOSTER-ROW;
AND E. NEWBERRY, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1798.

Of Pratt - By one wrote in British Bard
In some most stale, unprofitable, flat -
Come, let us change the scene and gleam with Pratt;
In him an author's luckless lot behold,
(condemned to make the book which once he sold:
'Degraded man.' again resume thy hand -
The rotaries of the more are ill repaid,
Though dash puffs once mine invite to buy
A new edition of thy 'Symphony' - See P. V. 1883 p. 426
And Lamb. Letter. i. 97 to Smithy writes Nov. 28. 1798
There is a contemptible book, a wretched assortment of vapid
feelings, entitled Pratt's Gleamings which both Damsel and myself
find the title for an -

PROPERTY: GIFT

COLLECTION

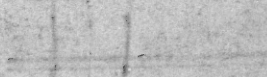
MANUSCRIPTS



THE ANIMAL CREATION

BY THE REV. J. W. COLEMAN

FROM THE WRITINGS OF MR. COLEMAN



PRINTED BY J. W. COLEMAN

LONDON

1846

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INTRODUCTION.

FROM an attentive observation on young people, particularly those of my own family, I have long thought it of as great importance to teach them lessons of compassion for the *dumb creation*, as a fellow feeling for their own species: not only because the one is connected with the other, but, because

an early neglect of the duties of humanity, in regard to the *first*, leads but too naturally to an omission of those duties as to the *last*: and every one must have noticed, in most children, a tyrannical, sometimes a cruel, propensity to torment animals within their power, such as —persecuting flies, torturing birds, cats, dogs, &c. Some friends of mine joined me in thinking that a collection of humane facts, and arguments, in favour of these suffering creatures, might be of considerable use, if brought into view,

not only to our own offspring, but if made public, to youth in general. With this idea, it was my intention to have made a selection from *various* authors: but a sufficient number of Tales being found in the writings first examined, I did not look further; unwilling to swell the compilation to a size that might fatigue, or appear formidable, to my little friends—Perhaps, indeed, so great a number of stories, for my purpose, could not have been met with in the works of any other author; and, I trust, the present

use made of them will neither injure the fame of that gentleman, nor the property of any other person.

PITY'S GIFT.



THE BROTHERS AND THE BLACKBIRD.

IN the cold season, a poor Blackbird had taken shelter in Sir Armine's green-house. Animated by the genial heat, it was basking upon an orange-tree, and, warmed out of the cold remembrance of time and place, stretched

out its wings, in a kind of Summer languor, over the branches, and had begun to pour a semi-note of gratitude and joy. Henry, the younger Brother, hastily, yet on tip-toe, ran round to shut the window at which it had entered, first closing the doors—"I have wished for a Blackbird, I know not how long," whispered he, "and it will be quite a charity to give that poor fellow good winter-quarters in the castle—I own it, is almost a pity to disturb him now he seems so comfortable; but if he knew how very kindly I would use him, he would come a volunteer into my chamber." "Very kind to be sure," said John, the eldest, "to make him a slave for life; to my thoughts he had better chuse his own lodging, though the best to be had were in a barn, or in

a hollow tree, and an independent warm here in the hot-house, when he finds an opportunity, than be a prisoner in the best room of the castle, nay in the king's palace; so be advised, brother, and let him alone."—John softly opened part of the window nearest the bird. "No, I'll tell you how it shall be," observed little James, "give the bird fair play; leave the window open, and let Harry try his fortune; if the bird suffers himself to be caught, when the path of freedom is before his eyes, it will be his own affair you know."—"But the act of catching him at all is arbitrary," said John sturdily; throwing his hat at the orange, and other exotic plants, that grew in the direction of the tree where the Blackbird had been perched. "Not at all, brother," cried Henry, "when it is only to convey

him to a better place ;” running as he spake, after the object of his wishes, almost with the swiftness of its own wings. John kept always behind, in the hope of pointing its flight to the window ; and James, the second brother, stood impartially in the middle, unless he stepped on one side or the other, to maintain fair dealing. The Blackbird, meantime, alarmed by all parties, flew irregularly, from shrub to shrub, from window to window, sometimes beating his breast against one object, sometimes striking its wing or beak against another, often being in the very path of liberty, and as often driven out of it. At length it sank exhausted to the ground, and was taken up, almost without an effort to flutter, by Henry, whose little heart, quick breathing lip, and high colouring cheek,

spoke his triumphs; yet, amidst his exultings, he forgot not mercy: the fairest laurel of the conqueror is humanity; and the very instincts of Henry were humane. X He smoothed the ruffled plumes of his captive; poured over it every assurance of protection; pressed its glossy pinion on his cheek; detained it with a soft trembling hand, and at length putting it, lightly held, into his bosom, ran with it into his chamber. "He has fairly won the bird, brother," said James, following. "Certainly," replied John, with a dissatisfied tone, "nothing can be fairer than to run down a poor terrified little wretch, who has no power to resist; then seizing and dragging it to prison! It struggled for freedom, till it was almost gasping for breath; and I am ashamed that I

suffered any thing to prevent my taking part with the unprotected in the cause of liberty. But this, I suppose, you and my brother will call foul play, just as you have styled his thefts a kindness! Yes, the kindness of a christian robber, who steals the innocent savage from his native land, and covers him with chains!"—Dreading the loss of his treasure, Henry guarded it with a miser's care; kept it concealed in his own room; but treated it with the utmost indulgence, being at once its nurse and companion, and suffering no hand but his own to feed it. "Alas! it droops," said its protector—bringing it down one day into an apartment where his brothers were sitting—"What can be done for it, James?" questioned he, with tears in his eyes. "Let it go,"

interrupted John; "it pines for the friends from whose society it has been ravished; it languishes for freedom: let it go, and it will soon recover." "Perhaps," answered James, "it only wants more air, your chamber may be too confined: Suppose then," continued he, —willing to compromise betwixt liberty and slavery, "you were to tie a silken string round its leg, and lead it now and then about the garden?" "I propose an improvement to that idea," said John—"clip one of its wings, and as you persist in refusing it its right to fly in the air, let it have the run of the garden; that on the south-side of the castle, you know, is walled round, and it cannot walk off."—He reconciled Henry to this measure, by telling him that it would produce many good ends,

besides restoring the Blackbird's health, and giving it a relish for its former enjoyments; amongst other things, he assured him, that it would recover its spirits, which would enable it to whistle back its lost friends and relations. Henry could not resist this: the idea of giving joy to others, was a joy to his own heart; the action by which it was bestowed could alone surpass it.—In effect, the bird was all the better for its liberty; it hopped, pecked, twittered, and daily appeared to gain new visitors.

There was in the walled garden a shed, where it nestled towards evening; but Henry, with soft steps, would take care while it reposed, to strew food on the ground below, so that it always found breakfast ready in the morning;

nor was dinner or supper provision forgotten; so that what it picked up in the garden was mere amusement to relish exercise. The kind hearted Henry was *perfectly* satisfied with this plan: John was only *half* satisfied. James prudently suggested giving the growing wing another cutting. Henry agreed; for his favourite could now take half the garden at a low flight, though not top the walls. "Wait a little longer," said John; "He is so tame, and so well pleased with his present usage, that perhaps he will indeed be a volunteer amongst us, and there will be a thousand times the gratification in having his society with his own consent." "But if he should leave me?" said Henry. "Have confidence in him; think how delightful it is to have friend-

ship as a free-will offering: I should hate any thing I forced to stay with me, as much as it could hate me. Can a jail-bird love the jailor?"—"I have a good mind to trust it," observed Henry; "but I sometimes think it looks up at the walls very fly."—"That is nothing but a way they have with them," said John, laughing. "What is your opinion James?" questioned Henry. "There can be, I should think, but one opinion about that," replied James, taking out a little pair of scissors. "O, he always was for cutting out, just like a girl; but act a more liberal part, my brother," said John; Henry was over-ruled. The feathers grew, and the Blackbird flew away. Henry accused; John defended; James meditated. The grateful bird,

however, staid in the neighbourhood; sang better, and looked happier. Henry was, therefore, reconciled to his loss, and John was at length contented.



THE DUTCH DRAFT DOGS.

WE are told by a traveller who has lately performed the tour of Holland, that the very dogs of that country are constrained to promote the trade of the Republic; infomuch, that there is not an *idle* Dog of any size in the Seven Provinces. You encounter at all hours of the day an incredible number loaded with fish *and* men, under

the burden of which they run off at a long trot, and sometimes, when driven by young men or boys, at full gallop, the whole mile and a half, which is the distance from gate to gate; nor on their return are they suffered to come empty, being filled not only with the aforesaid men or boys, but with such commodities as cannot be had at the village. These poor brutes are frequently to be seen in the middle of summer, urged beyond their force, till they have dropped on the road to gather strength; which is seldom the case, however, except when they have the misfortune to fall under the management of boys; for the Dutch are the farthest from being cruel to their domestic dumb animals of any people in the world; on the contrary, an Hollander, of what-

ever rank, is merciful unto his cattle, whether horse, dog, cow, &c. that they are the objects of his marked attention, as sleek skins, happy faces, plump sides, sufficiently demonstrate. The cows, and oxen for draft, they rub down, curry and clean, till they are as glossy as the most pampered steed in England. Nay, you frequently see them with a light fancy dress, to guard them from the flies and other annoying animalcula, in the meadows, which are the finest in the world, and in a warmer suit of cloaths during the winter; even these canine-slaves look hale and well, as to condition, and, being habituated to labour, feel little hardship in it. It is fortunate, also, that Holland is a country somewhat prone to be strict in the ceremonies of religion, by observance

of which the dogs, like their masters, find the seventh a day of unbroken rest: for "Sunday shines a sabbath to them." The first impression, which is allowed a grand point, being much in favour of these industrious creatures. This traveller had an eye on them as well in the hours of their repose as toil; and felt his heart warm to see several, whom he had observed to have seen very heavily laden on Saturday, taking a sound nap, out-stretched and happy at their master's doors, on the day in which their leisure is even an allotment and bounty of Heaven. All the morning and afternoon they have remained basking in the sun, or in the shade, in profound tranquillity; while a number of unthinking whelps, and lazy puppies, who had been passing their time in idleness all the week, were playing

their gambols in the street, not without a vain attempt to wake the serious, and make them join in their amusement. Towards evening, adds our traveller, I have, in my fun-setting rounds, been much pleased to notice the honest creatures sit at their respective thresholds, looking quite refreshed, giving occasionally into a momentary frolic, and the next morn returning to the labours of the week absolutely renewed. Reader—Stranger—an't thou too proud of heart—or too full of dignity of human nature—to enter into these brute concerns? Pass on, then, and pity my weakness, but not without remembering that

“ Dogs are honest creatures,

“ Ne'er fawn on that they love not ;

“ And, I'm a friend to Dogs. They

“ Ne'er betray their masters.”

If, therefore, thou hast no feeling for
their sufferings, respect at least their
virtues :

“ Mark but his true, his faithful way ;

“ And in *thy* service copy Tray.”



THE HERMIT AND HIS DOG.

IN life's fair morn, I knew an aged seer,
Who sad and lonely pass'd his joyless year;
Betray'd, heart broken, from the world he ran,
And shunn'd, O dire extreme! the face of man;
Humbly he rear'd his hut within the wood,
Hermit his vest, a hermit's was his food.
Nitch'd in some corner of the gelid cave,
Where chilling drops the rugged rockstone lave,
Hour after hour, the melancholy sage,
Drop after drop, to reckon would engage

The ling'ring day, and trickling as they fell,
A tear went with them to the narrow well;
Then thus he moraliz'd as slow it past,
" This brings me nearer *Lucia* than the last;
And this, now streaming from the eye," said he,
" Oh! my lov'd child, will bring me nearer thee."
When first he roam'd, his Dog with anxious care,
His wand'rings watch'd, as emulous to share;
In vain the faithful brute was bid to go,
In vain the sorrower sought a lonely woe.
The Hermit paus'd, the attendant Dog was near,
Slept at his feet, and caught the falling tear;
Up rose the Hermit, up the Dog would rise,
And every way to win a master tries.
" Then be it so. Come, faithful fool," he said;
One pat encourag'd, and they sought the shade.
An unfrequented thicket soon they found,
And both repos'd upon the leafy ground;
Mellifluous murm'ring told the fountains nigh,
Fountains, which well a Pilgrim's drink supply.
And thence, by many a labyrinth it led,
Where ev'ry tree bestow'd an ev'ning bed;
Skill'd in the chace, the faithful creature brought
Whate'er at morn or moon-light course he caught;
But the Sage lent his sympathy to all,
Nor saw unwept his dumb associate fall;

He was, in sooth, the gentlest of his kind,
And though a Hermit, had a social mind :
“ And why,” said he, “ must man subsist by prey,
Why stop yon melting music on the spray ?
Why, when assail'd by hounds and hunter's cry,
Must half the harmless race in terrors die ?
Why must we work of innocence the woe ?
Still shall this bosom throb, these eyes o'erflow ;
A heart too tender here from man retires,
A heart that aches, if but a *wren* expires.”

Thus liv'd the master good, the servant true,
Till to its God the master's spirit flew ;
Beside a fount which daily water gave,
Stooping to drink, the Hermit found a grave ;
All in the running stream his garments spread,
And dark, damp verdure ill conceal'd his head ;
The faithful servant from that fatal day
Watch'd the lov'd corpse, and hourly pin'd away :
His head upon his master's cheek was found,
While the obstructed waters mourn'd around.



THE DECAYED MERCHANT AND HIS
DUTIFUL DAUGHTER.

A MERCHANT, of considerable eminence in London, was reduced to the situation of poor Bassanio, and from precisely the same run of ill-luck in his sea adventures,

“ The dangerous rocks,
“ Touching his gentle vessel's side
“ Had scatter'd all his spices on the stream,

“ Enrob'd the roaring waters with his filks,
“ And not one vessel 'scap'd the dreadful touch,
“ Of merchant marring rocks.”

To these miscarriages abroad, were added similar calamities at home. Several great houses broke in his debt, and with the wrecks of his fortune, gathered together, he left the metropolis, and took refuge in the mountains of Montgomeryshire. A little girl, then only nine years of age, his only surviving child, was the sole companion of his retreat, and smiled away his misfortunes. The care of her education was his most certain relief from the corroding reflections of the past, and the certainty of her possessing at his death, sufficient to prevent a good mind from the horrors of dependence, softened his thoughts of the future ; the present was

filled up with the delights of seeing her ambition yet humbler than her fortunes, and literally bounded by the objects that surrounded her. To tend the flowers she had set with her own hand, to nurse the shrubs she had planted, to sport with and feed the lamb she had domesticated, to see it follow her in her rambles, and to listen to the melodies of nature, as they murmured in the waters, or echoed through the woods, were her chief amusements without doors, and by a thousand love-taught duties, to make a father forget that he had ever been unhappy, or unfortunate, her dearest study within. Of her personal attractions I shall say little: a single line of Thomson's gives the truest image of them, and of the unaffected mind by which they were illumined,

“ Artless of beauty, she was beauty's self.”

It is not easy to be wretched in the constant society of perfect innocence: the company of a beautiful child, wholly unpolluted by the world, affords one the idea of angelic association. Its harmlessness appears to guarantee one from harm: we reflect, nay we see and hear, almost every moment, it is climbing our knees, playing at our side, engaging our attentions, or reposing in our arms, the words and acts of an unspotted being, and one can scarce be persuaded any real ill *can* befall us, while a companion so like a guardian cherub is near. When the babe is our own—say, ye parents, how the sensation is then exalted!—Which of you, having at your option the loss of the amplest fortune, or of the feeblest infant, would not cleave to the last, and resign the former? or, if any of you balanced a moment, would not one

lisping word, one casual look, turn the scale in favour of nature, and make you think it a crime to have hesitated?

Such were the sentiments of the merchant, and under their cheering influence he lived many years, during which, a few mountain peasants, an old relic of his better days, as a servant, who had been nurse to the young lady, and his daughter, were the only objects with whom he conversed. So powerful is habit, that we assimilate to persons, places, and things, that on our first introduction to them, we might imagine, neither philosophy, custom, or religion, could make supportable. We are surprised to find we attach to them, even to endearment. In time, even our former habits, no less strong in us,

are but slightly remembered, and those pursuits, diversions, and societies, without which it once appeared impossible we should ever pass a day, are yielded for others, that it *then* would have been thought as impossible even to be endured. Our merchant would have deemed the company of a monarch an intrusion, and the jargon of the Exchange, which had for so many years been music to his ears, could not now have been borne. I have, here, given you some of his own expressions. At length he fell sick. His daughter was then in her eighteenth year; the disorder was of a gradual kind, that threatened to continue life, after one has ceased to love it, and to close in death. He lingered eleven weeks, and, the old domestic being now superannuated and

almost blind, his daughter was at once his nurse, his cook, his consoler; and might truly be said to make his bed in his sickness. She wanted not the world to teach her the filial duties. Her own pure heart supplied them all, and her own gentle hands administered them. But now, for the first time of her existence, she added to her father's anguish. It almost kills me to look on you, my only love, cried he, with an emphasis of sorrow, and bursting into tears. I am sure, replied she, falling on her knees at his bedside, it has almost killed me to hear you say so, and if it would make my dearest father better, I would kill myself this moment, and trust in God's mercy to forgive me. Ah! my child, you mistake the cause and motive of my regrets, resumed the parent

—the thoughts of leaving you without protection—there is the bitterness!—I am not going to be left, said she, rising hastily; I have a presage you will be well soon, and I am a great prophetess, my beloved father. Be in good spirits, for I am sure you will recover: I have sent to Montgomery and Welch Pool, and to-morrow, I am to have the two best doctors in Wales.

Your goodness is always a comfort, my darling, replied the desponding Merchant, but two thousand Welch doctors could not set me again on my legs.—If, indeed, I was in a condition to procure—but that's impossible!—

Procure what? Whom? Nothing is impossible, answered his daughter with the most eager haste.

I have an idle and romantic faith, in the only man in the whole world, that knows my constitution, and he is as far beyond my reach, as if he were out of existence.

Good heaven! you mean Dr. *****, exclaimed the daughter. I have heard you often speak of his having twice before saved your precious life, for which I have had him in my nightly prayers ever since, and shall go on blessing him to the hour of my death. O, that I were a man to fetch him!—

The father pressed her tenderly in his feeble arms, in acknowledgment of her affection, but told her, that, from a multiplicity of other claims, it would be as impossible for the Doctor to get

down to Wales, as for himself to go out of his sick bed to London. Do not, therefore, let us think of it, my child, continued the father; since it is only the aggravation of a vain wish to know that it must end in disappointment—I am resigned.

Notwithstanding this declaration, the Merchant receiving no manner of benefit from the Welch Doctors, and being unable, indeed, to pay for their continued attendance, without an injury to that scanty fund out of which he had to draw all the necessaries of life, he often sighed out in a voice of pining, as it were, involuntarily, the name of *****. The sound of that voice, languishing for that which might possibly change its tone to gladness, pene-

trated the soul of his daughter, who needed not so pathetic a memento of her father's wishes, to make her bitterly regret her inability to gratify them. The poor gentleman grew worse, and expressing a desire for something, which he imagined might afford a momentary relief, his Amelia, so was the young lady named, took the first opportunity of his being composed, to go into the neighbourhood, in search of a person to fetch it from Montgomery. A little roadside public-house, about a mile from her father's cottage, appeared the most likely place to find a messenger. Thither she repaired, and arrived just in time to take shelter from a sudden storm that fell with great violence. At the moment of her entrance there were none but the old host and hostess in the

alehouse, but in a very few minutes after, it filled with labourers and passengers, who, like herself, sought protection from the hurricane: during the fury, however, of which she had too much compassion to mention her wishes, for she was amongst those whose nature would not suffer her to "turn an enemy's dog out of doors at such a season." This necessary delay, nevertheless, greatly increased her uneasiness, and she kept watching the rain, and the hoped return of fine weather, at the window. Seeing no prospect of its clearing, she determined to do that herself, at all hazards, which she could not ask another to perform:—namely, to be herself the messenger; to which end she desired to know, whether the road she saw from the window, was the nearest and most

direct to Montgomery, or to any other town where there was an apothecary's shop, and what might be the distance to any such place?

The affecting voice in, which these questions were demanded, and the prevailing appearance of the speaker, gained her an interest in every hearer and beholder, several of whom knew, and acknowledged her for a neighbour, mingling their expressions of good-will, with numberless kind enquiries after her sick father, for whose languishing situation they unanimously declared their pity and regard, and whose death, if it should please God to snatch him away, they should long lament.

This last observation bringing to mind the image of her father's danger more

closely, the trembling Amelia lost all thought of herself, or of the weather, and thanking every body around her for their civility, while her lovely face was covered with her tears, she had got the latch of the door in her hand, and was preparing to hurry out on her commission, according to the directions she had received, when a traveller, who had not opened his lips during the conversation of the peasants, but sat drying himself at the fire, rose up suddenly, and begged permission to speak to her. She went with surprize and tottering steps into an adjoining room, where he used to her these very words :

“ One of your neighbours, young lady, has told me, you have been for many years the best daughter in the world to the best father, who has been

once the richest, though now the poorest man in Wales, considering you and he are to be supported as gentlefolks. It is plain to see there is a great deal of distress upon your mind, and it is natural to guess the cause of it may be removed. I am not, by any means, a wealthy man, but I have had my share of evils, sufficiently to make me feel for the unfortunate, and I have always, thank God, a something to spare for the mitigation of honest distress, in whatever country it is presented to my view. I beg you will present this trifle, (giving her a bank bill) with compliments, begging the favour of his making use of it, till it may suit his circumstances to return it. —I have no manner of occasion for it, till about this time next year, when I will call to ask after his health, which,

I hope, will long ere that be established; and if it should not at that time be convenient to make restitution of the loan, we will put it off till the year after, when I will pay a second visit to you; as I purpose passing through this country into Ireland, where I have concerns annually. I am now going to London."

The last sentence seemed to annihilate the rest. The very name of London had, at that instant, more charms for Amelia, than it could ever boast of creating in the head of any Miss in her teens, who had her mamma's promise to pass a winter amongst the fine folks, and fine sights, with which it abounds. But it drew the attention of Amelia, from superior motives. It was the re-

fidence of her poor father's physician, on whose heart she now resolved to make an attempt, by the medium of the generous stranger, who she rightly judged, would suffer his bounty to take any direction she might wish, and to whom she stated the merchant's anxious, but hopeless desires.

You have just the soul, my dear friend, to suggest the extacy of Amelia's, on hearing that this much-wished for physician, was an intimate acquaintance of the traveller, and all the interests of an old affection shall be tried with the Doctor, exclaimed the stranger, as soon as I get to town, on condition that you will now go home to your father with this purse, and as an assurance, that although I am an *usurer*, I will re-

ceive neither principal, nor interest, till he is very able to pay both.

He did not give the astonished Amelia time to refuse, but seeing the weather inclined to remit its rigours, he put half-a-crown into the hands of the peasants, to drink the young lady, and her sick father's health; and ordering his horse to the door—mounted and proceeded on his journey.

Does not your bounding heart assure you, his feelings would have defended him from bestowing a thought on the peltings of the pitiless storm, had they continued to rage? And does it not also inform you, that this fair pattern of filial piety was proof against the war of elements: the sunshine of benevolence had,

indeed, so animated her, that its sudden and intense rays might have been too strong for her tender frame, had they not been moderated by a shower of tears. She had scarcely regained her cottage, indeed, when overcome by her sensations, she fainted in the arms of her aged nurse, who had been mourning her delay.

Alas! my friend, what fragile creatures we are! How much at the disposal of contrary events! How totally the vassals of sorrow, and of joy! How little able to encounter the extremes of either! But you will not easily forgive exclamations that detain you from poor Amelia, whom I left in distress to indulge them. My heart is but too often the master of my pen, and guides

it as it listeth. Let me hasten to make atonement, by informing you, that our lovely sufferer, on her recovery, had the pleasure to find her father had dosed best part of the morning, and though he missed her, from his apartment, when he awoke, he told the nurse, that he hoped she was taking a little necessary rest in her own room, where he desired she might remain undisturbed.

This gave her opportunity to manage her good fortune, of which she resolved to be so excellent an œconomist, that the supply she had received should answer the wisest and happiest purposes: she recollected that the day before she met the benevolent stranger, her father had received by the post a Bank-bill, to the amount of the quarterly division of

his annuity; of course a farther reinforcement was not immediately necessary; on which account she had to regret, that the flurry into which her spirits were thrown, had hindered her from persisting in her refusal of the loan, to the acceptance of which, however, she was somewhat reconciled, when she reflected on the condition annexed to her borrowing it; and an idea, which just then started to her imagination, of the manner in which it might be appropriated, completely satisfied her feelings on the occasion. She considered the gentleman's Bank-bill as the luckiest fund in the world, to serve as the physician's fee, in case the generous stranger should prevail on him to come, and to that sacred use her heart devoted it. The sum was fifty

pounds. A recompence which her ignorance in the price of medical advice in the golden climes of England led her to suppose would be all-sufficient for a journey down to Wales. Alas! were a regular charge to be made out by Doctors W, R, G, F, L, or any other of the popular sons of Esculapius, of London, for such a tour from the grand mart of custom, the fifty pound would scarcely be thought by those messieurs a more than sufficient sum to pay travelling expences. In many parts of the continent, indeed, where a shilling value in coin that has less of silver in its composition than would be found in the analysis of a silver penny, is received as a settled gratuity for running a German mile, fifty pounds would cut a handsome figure.

in physic, and go very far towards curing a whole city of an epidemy, so far as prescriptions could assist in its recovery.

As, however, the visit of Dr. ***** was a point rather "devoutly to be wished" than expected, it being the middle of a very hard winter, Amelia thought it prudent to conceal the little adventure at the public house from her father, whose malady, nevertheless, rather increased than abated, and his love of life being in effect his love for his daughter, he could not help occasionally regretting his impassable distance from the only man by whose aid there might be a chance of resisting his disease. There is, you know, a sort of superstition which often runs through

a family in favour of its family physician. Nor is it altogether without a support from reason, since the person who has long been in the secrets of our constitution, and familiar with our habits of living, must, in all general cases, be better able to apply the proper remedies, than he who is called into our bed chambers, when there is a disease in it, and when he sees us for the first time under its influence: besides which, an old physician is commonly an old friend, and unites the lenitives of affection to the cathartics of science; no wonder, then, that we have faith in him, and faith, you know, is a great doctor in itself, performing a thousand cures, which the highest professional skill has not been able to accomplish without it.

You will readily believe, that the bountiful stranger did not break promise to Amelia. He kept it indeed so religiously holy, that in less than ten days from the date of his departure, our pious daughter received a message, purporting that a person at the public house begged to speak with her. You, my friend, whose fancy is ever warmed by your affectionate heart, will immediately conclude what was concluded by Amelia, that it could be only the much-desired Doctor, who had thus delicately, to prevent the ill effect of surprize on the sick merchant, announced his arrival. If so, you are in the right. However inconsistent with the spirit of business such a long journey might be, it was perfectly in unison with the spirit of benevolence by which

Dr. ***** was moved, to determine upon it the instant the case was stated to him, and to execute what he had so determined, with all the dispatch necessary to an affair of life and death, and the life and death, moreover, of an old and unfortunate friend. My good little girl, said he, on the entrance of Amelia, who gliding from her father's bedside with slipshod steps, ran with duteous haste to the village inn—My good little girl, I am come from ——.

Heaven! interrupted Amelia, falling on her knees, you are come from heaven to make my father well.—Under the auspices of that heaven, I trust I am, resumed the Doctor. Let us fly this instant! exclaimed Amelia, in the animated accents of nature—let us do all things in order, replied the Doctor,

in the language of friendly discretion, otherwise we shall do more harm than good.—I presume I am not expected? Amelia bowed a negative. Then my sudden appearance would make thy father worse, child, continued the Doctor. No; go back to him, and by telling him an old friend of his from London, and who has particular business in that part of Wales which he inhabits, means to pay him a visit on the score of ancient amity, and will take cottage fare from him in his chamber. The name of this old London friend will then be a matter of amusing conjecture, in the midst of which thou, child, mayst suggest that thou shouldst not wonder if it were me, telling him as much of the adventure that I find happened at this inn, between

thee and the gentleman who brought me thy message, and with it the story of thy virtues and misfortunes, to support and to relieve which would have brought me ten times as far: but we have no time for profession, I am come here to practise; so fare thee well, my good little maid.—All that I have promised will be the work only of an hour, at the end of which I will be with thee.

She kissed his hand fervently, and without speaking a single word, sprung up, and might rather be said to fly than run to the cottage, though the paths thereto were lost in snow. Her father was sitting up in his bed, supported by pillows, which the aged adherent had made shift to place in the absence of

his filial nurse, who gently chid the old woman for taking her proper business out of her hands; but that, if her dear father had found a moment's ease by this usurpation of her natural rights, she would then forgive the usurper. She then entered on her errand, which she managed so well, as to make the old friend's name, after much pleasant conjecture on both sides, the subject of a wager; the father observing, that if it should prove to belong to the Doctor, Providence had sent him to reward the virtue of his daughter, who on her part maintained, that it would be chiefly owing to the value which heaven itself would set on her parent's life. This amicable strife had put the invalid into unwonted spirits, and thereby, perhaps, not only prepared the way for the cure

of a fever on the nerves, but laid the best foundation of it. The poor gentleman did not dare to lay any stress on the possibility of a visit from the physician, and yet a faint blush of hope denoted that he should think himself most happy to lose his wager.

At this auspicious crisis it was, that our Doctor made his entrè, saying, as he advanced to the bed-side, " My esteemed friend, I am come to return my personal thanks to thee, for having me in thy thoughts when thou wert too sick to remember any but those who are dear to thee, and of whom thou hast a good opinion. Give me thy hand, and, without entering into long histories, let us see, if in return for thy kindness, I can make thee well again.

Yes, this pulse, I foresee, before I have
done with it

Shall temperately keep time, and beat
More healthful music.

Those eyes have, I see, still, the spirit
of life in them, and this heart shall yet
bound with renovated enjoyments."

The emotions of Amelia during these
favourable prognostications no words
can tell you. The Merchant was
strongly affected. The Doctor per-
ceived that his patient was recoverable,
both in the maladies of body and mind;
and as he was no less a philosopher and
philanthropist than a physician, he could
with equal skill prescribe for each. He
was one of the people called Quakers;
and to a perfect knowledge of the world,

of his profession, and of the human heart, united all the honest plainness of the character. The Merchant's disorder was, as I have said, a fever on the spirits, of which the symptoms were, as usual, want of appetite, lassitude, watchfulness, and dejection of mind: a pulse slow and creeping, difficulty of respiration, and a dread, yet hope, of death.

I need not tell you, that in this disease the cathartics of the mind, such as exhilarate, enliven, and amuse the patient, are the most effectual remedies, and such as were administered with uncommon success on the present occasion. In less than a fortnight, the sick man not only was in a condition to leave his bed, but his chamber, and

play his part in the little cottage parlour, in a thousand little frolics that Amelia and the Doctor devised to entertain him: in the course of the third week, he resumed his accustomed exercises; and under the cordial supports of his friend and his child, he could ascend the mountains that environed his habitation. In the middle of the fourth week, his spirits and strength were so well restored, that in returning home to dinner, after a walk of some miles, he jocularly proposed to run against the Doctor and Amelia for a wager; which being agreed upon by the other parties, he set off, and beat them both. It was in the afternoon of this victorious day, that the good Doctor intimated the necessity of his return to town; good-humouredly ob-

serving, that, although by a lucky arrangement, he had left his sick and wounded in very good hands with a brother physician in London, he could not trespass any longer, without fear of being set down by the college as a deserter, and he must therefore repair to head-quarters in the morning.

The reasonableness of this was admitted: yet the Merchant sighed, and Amelia wept. The Doctor knew it must be done, and he saw that his prophecy, as to his friend's recovery, was fulfilled to his heart's content; but there is a sympathy in generous regret, and his eyes were not more dry than Amelia's. In despite of exertions, the evening past heavily away: the morning did not rise without casting clouds

on every countenance. The hour, the almost instant, that was to separate the cottagers from their preserver, approached.

Friend, said the Doctor to his patient, as he heard the wheels of his carriage advancing, since I saw thee last in the great city, I have prospered exceedingly. All those families, to whom thou tookest me by the hand, were, more for thy sake than mine, on *my list*. Some merit, however, or infinite good fortune, I must needs have had since, from an yearly gain of one hundred, I have increased my income to several thousands per annum; and yet, I do not take fees for one in forty of my prescriptions.—My house is too large for my family—Wilt thou come

once again into the busy world, with this mountain blossom, and occupy some of the apartments?—This as thou wilt.—At present I must give thee a few words of parting advice, and must rely on this damsel to see that it is adopted. Thou art so much thy former self, friend, that I fear not a relapse; but, to fortify and strengthen thee in my absence, I have written, and made up, a prescription, which, I am convinced, hits thy case exactly. Hearing something of thy maladies from the friend who conveyed to me thy Amelia's message, and forming a judgment, soberly, thereupon, I brought with me such drugs as I thought could not be readily procured in thy neighbourhood. They lie, however, in a small compass, even in this little box, yet, being com-

pounds of peculiar strength, they will last you, I judge, for at least a year to come, probably more—if they should not, thou knowest where to address the prescriber for a fresh supply. There, friend, take it, but do not open it till you seem to wish for something of a *cordial* nature. It will then, I have no doubt, do thee good.

He received their tearful embraces, and departed. You are impatient to lift up the lid of the box. When it was opened by the Merchant and his Daughter, they discovered two separate pieces of paper, each containing a draft, on a different banker, for *one thousand pounds*—the one, a present from the physician, the other from the stranger who had given him an account of this little family. Wrapt round these drafts

was a slip of paper, in the Doctor's hand-writing, containing these words —“ Tributes, from the friends of filial piety and parental love.”

I must not deny you the gratification of knowing that the father recovered, and the child added to his blessings, and her own, many years; in the smiling course of which, the young lady's virtues attracted the affections of a very wealthy and worthy gentleman, whose power and inclinations not only enabled the Merchant to make restitution of the generosity received from the physician; but to make also the residue of that man's life, from whom he derived the best and loveliest of wives, as happy in prosperity as it had been respectable in misfortune.



THE NIGHTINGALE.

FOR Elufino lost, renew the strain,
 Pour the sad note upon the ev'ning gale;
 And as the length'ning shades usurp the plain,
 The silent moon shall listen to the tale.

Sore was the time, ill-fated was the hour,
 The thicket shook with many an omen dire!
 When from the topmost twig of yonder bower,
 I saw my husband flutter and expire.

'Twas when the peasant sought his twilight rest,
 Beneath the brow of yonder breezy hill;
 'Twas when the plummy nation sought the nest,
 And all, but such as lov'd the night, was still;

That fondly sitting with a lover's pride,
 (My tender custom while the sun withdrew)
Dear Elufino, sudden left my side,
 And the curs'd form of man appear'd in view.

For sport, the tube he levell'd at our head,
 And, curious to behold more near my race,
Low in the copse the artful robber laid,
 Explor'd our haunt, and thunder'd at the place.

Ingrateful wretch! he was our shepherd's son,
 The harmless, good old tenant of yon cot!
That Shepherd would not such a deed have done;
 For love of him first fix'd us to this spot.

Oft as at eve his homeward steps he bent,
 When the laborious task of day was o'er,
Our mellow'd warblings sooth'd him as he went,
 'Till the charm'd hind forgot that he was poor.

Ah! could not this thy gratitude inspire?
 Could not our gentle visitations please?
Could not the blameless lessons of thy fire,
 Thy barb'rous hand restrain from crimes like these?

O cruel boy! thou tyrant of the plain!
 Could'st thou but see the sorrows thou hast made,
O didst thou know the virtues thou hast slain,
 And view the gloomy horrors of the shade:

Couldst thou behold my infant younglings lie,
In the moss'd cradle by our bills prepar'd,
Babes as they were, unable yet to fly,
Their wings defenceless, and their bosoms bar'd:

Surely the mighty malice of thy kind,
Thy power to wrong, and readiness to kill,
In common pity to the parent's mind,
Would cease the new-made father's blood to spill.

Haply, the time may come, when heav'n shall give
To thee the troubles thou hast heap'd on me;
Haply, ere well *thy* babes begin to live,
Death shall present the dart of misery.

Just as the tender hope begins to rise,
As the fond mother hugs her darling boy;
As the big rapture trembles in the eyes,
And the breast throbs with all the parent's joy;
Then may some midnight robber, skill'd in guile,
Resolv'd on plunder, and on deeds of death,
Thy fairy prospects, tender transports spoil,
And to the knife resign *thy* children's breath.

In that sad moment shall thy savage heart
Feel the sad anguish, desperate, and wild,
Conscience forlorn shall doubly point the smart;
And justice whisper,—this is child for child.

'Reav'd of their fire, my babes, alas! must sigh;
For grief obstructs the anxious widow's care;
This wasted form, this ever-weeping eye,
And the deep note of destitute despair,
All load this bosom with affright so sore,
Scarce can I cater for the daily food!
Where'er I search, my husband search'd before,
And soon my nest will hold an orphan brood!
For Elufino, lost, then pour the strain,
Waft the sad note on every ev'ning gale;
And as the length'ning shades usurp the plain,
The silent moon shall listen to the tale.



THE DOVE.

THE transactions and friendly intercourse of *Noah* and his *Dove*, have a tenderness and ceremony in them truly delightful. The eye melts at the simplicity, and the heart warms at the sentiment. Poetry, in her happiest flight, could imagine nothing more interesting to the fancy. Hail, gentlest of birds!—Hail, messenger of security!

Through thy means was the dry ground discovered, and the gratitude of man shall not easily forget the fidelity of the Dove! He sent forth the Dove to see if the waters were abated. What an important errand, for so small an express! Yet the industrious little wing flew over the watry universe, and employed every feather in the service of man: after a vain excursion she returned; for the waters were still without a shore. Methinks I see the Patriarch stand upon the deck, to wait the return of his messenger, and as soon as she rests her fatigued foot upon the ark, he tenderly puts forth his hand and pulls her to him: thus rewarded for her labours, after seven days repose, her assistance being again summoned, she trusts to her pinions; and, lo! in

the evening, she came. By mention of the evening, it should appear that she was dispatched in the morning, or, at least very early in the day. What a task of toil must it then have been! How many billowy leagues must she have travelled ere she found that of which she was in search! Linger upon the land, we may be convinced she never did, however the verdure and vegetable novelty might charm her. No! it was not till the evening she succeeded in her endeavours, and then, upon the wings of kindness, she hastened to satisfy the impatience of her master. Upon her second return, behold a leaf was in her mouth! What a sweet way is here of communicating the happy tidings! But, indeed, every syllable

of this matter hath a grace and a consequence peculiar to it: it was an OLIVE leaf which she bore; the leaf of amity, the emblem of peace; as much as to say, lo! master, the waters are abated, and I have plucked a leaf as a testimony of my truth! The power who commandeth the waves to dry up and disappear, hath ordained me to bear to thee this olive-branch; haply it is the pledge of promise and conciliation betwixt him and thee; and thou shalt not only set thy foot safely upon land, but there prosper and enjoy the pardon of God. And after seven days more, he sent her forth again, and she returned no more. One is divided here betwixt smiles and tears; it is an exquisite passage. The land and earth

had, by this time, resumed their accustomed beauties; the trees displayed a greener glory, the flowers sprung brighter from the wave, and the Dove having performed her duty, enjoyed, as directed, the beauties of renovated verdure. Yet she returned no more. Noah, though he knew the cause of her delay, had lost his favourite bird. Alas! it was a drawback upon the felicity of the new-appearing world. Fie upon the heart that has not feelings upon such occasions! The softness of the Dove, however, is still held among the children of men, in grateful remembrance. She is equally celebrated in prophane and sacred history, and every epithet of endearment is allotted to her. She is considered as favourable to love, and propitious to

every tender undertaking; nor can we, at any time, express a courteous character without giving to it, among other qualities, the gentleness and truth of *the Dove*.



THE ADDRESS OF
THE SUPERANNUATED HORSE
TO HIS MASTER*.

AND hast thou fix'd my doom, sweet Master, say?
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door.

For much it glads me to behold this place,
And house within this hospitable shed;
It glads me more to see my master's face,
And linger near the spot where I was bred.

* Who, on account of his (the Horse) being unable, from extreme old age, to live through the winter, had sentenced him to be shot.

For oh! to think of what we both enjoy'd,
In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor! +
When, from the jocund morn to eve employ'd,
My gracious Master on this back I bore!

Thrice told ten years, have danced on down along,
Since first these way-worn limbs to thee I gave;
Sweet smiling years! when both of us were young,
The kindest Master, and the happiest slave.

Ah! years sweet smiling, now for ever flown,
Ten years thrice told, alas! are as a day;
Yet as together we are aged grown,
Let us together wear our age away.

For still the times long past, are dear to thought,
And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew,
To youth, and joy, all change of seasons brought
Pains that were soft, or pleasures that were new.

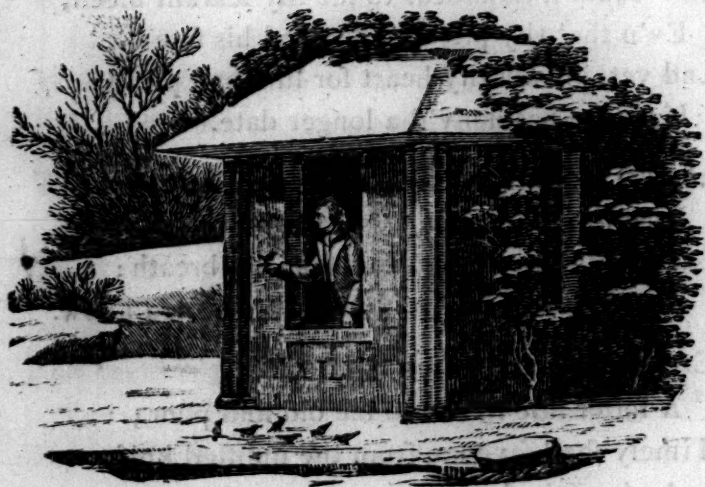
Ev'n when thy love-sick heart felt fond alarms,
Alternate throbbing with its hopes and fears,
Did I not bear thee to thy fair one's arms,
Assure thy faith, and dry up all thy tears?

And hast *thou* fix'd my death, sweet Master, say?
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door.

Ah ! could'st thou bear to see thy servant bleed,
Ev'n tho' thy pity has decreed his fate ?
And yet, in vain thy heart for life shall plead,
If nature has deny'd a longer date.

Alas ! I feel, 'tis *nature* dooms my death,
I feel, too sure, 'tis *pity* deals the blow ;
But ere it falls, O Nature ! take my breath ;
And my kind Master shall no bloodshed know.

Ere the last hour of my allotted life,
A softer fate shall end me old and poor ;
Timely shall save me from the uplifted knife,
And gently stretch me at my master's door.



THE SPARROWS.

“THE poor little domestic birds, (Sparrows, Robins, &c.) how this hard weather has subdued their independence! How they throw themselves on us for protection! I have already more than twenty of these winged pensioners,” writes a friend from Holland, “who seem to have no resource but what they receive from

the crumbs that fall from my table. At this moment they are seated on a board on the outside of my chamber window, on opening which, several of them have actually come in, hopped about my room, warmed themselves at my fire, and thus refreshed, again take wing and brave the elements. Birds are at all times more tame here than I have seen them elsewhere; but in the severe part of the year, they so absolutely throw themselves in the *way* of your bounty, that a man's charity must very perversely "pass by on the other side," not to see, and seeing, he must have a heart yet colder than the ice, not to accommodate their little wishes. What pleasure there is in gentle offices, whether administered to bird, beast, or man! How it refreshes in

warm, how it animates one in rigorous weather! A red-breast is trotting over my carpet as I write; a poor frost-nipped chaffinch, is restling almost in the ashes of my Buzaglio, and a Sparrow, who had after warming himself ascended my table, is within the length of his beak of the paper on which I am writing. I nod and tell him, as he slopes his curious head to the writing, 'tis all about himself and his associates; and the little fellow, with the pleasant pertness which characterises the Sparrow-tribe, looks saucily into my face with his head aside, as much as to say, a very good subject! glean away, friend!

“ Cold as the snow, and biting as the frost, there are some may ask, whether “ two Sparrows are not sold for a

farthing?" and, by way of inference, demand what can that leaf be worth that is wasted in describing, or supplying their wants? But the philanthropist will consider, that if in the eye of Omnipotence, "one of these Sparrows shall not fall to the ground," but *his* divine ministry must deal the blow, their lives, their comforts, their distresses must be of some account in the eye of *humanity*!



EPITAPH ON A LAP-DOG.

TO courts accusom'd, yet to cringe asham'd,
 Of person lovely, as in life, unblam'd,
 Skill'd in those gentle and prevailing arts,
 Which lead directly to soft female hearts;
 A kind partaker of the quiet hour,
 Friend of the parlour, partner of the bow'r,
 In health, in sickness, ever faithful found,
 Yet by no ties, but ties of kindness bound;
 Of instinct, nature, reason, what you will,
 For to all duties he was constant still;
 Such was the being underneath this shrine:
 Study the character, and make it *thine*.



THE DOG OF THE TOMBS.

INCLINE thine ear, O man! to the true story of the Dog of the Tombs; and let his example be a lesson to humanity for ever. There is, it seems, a creature at this time employed in meditations amongst the tombs of the metropolis. Not the ghost of Mr. James Harvey, but the ghostly substance, if so I dare to express myself, of a four-footed friend, who, for eleven

long years, hath bemoaned the loss of a master buried near the place of the poor dog's sequestration. For the above space of time, this faithful adherent hath been noticed to lead a pathetic kind of life. His constant practice, and the gloomy habits of his existence, are as follow:—Opposite to the house of a gentleman, near the church-yard of St. Olave, where the little receptacles of humanity are in many parts dilapidated; amongst these appears a cragged aperture, scarce large enough to admit the mournful animal into the subterraneous ruins, where he pursues his way, unseeing and unseen, till, as has since been discovered, he explores the spot that is consecrated to his sorrows. The neighbours have celebrated him for this pensive pursuit, till so much

of his sad history as can be collected from his melancholy and its motives, running into a popular tale, the subsequent facts have got into every one's mouth. Of late, it has been his fate to meet a friend in an ingenious artist, who hath gazed upon his in and out goings with an eye of stricture and surprise. The result of his remarks is, that this visitant of the vaults—a singular solitary, whose monastery is erected amongst the dead—invariably follows one course of conduct, shunning all *canine* as well as *human* intercourse, at once resigning our species and his own; going gloomily into his cavern, and never returning but on the extremest calls and severest insistings of nature, by which he instinctively is driven into day-light.—He, however,

endures it no longer than just to walk solemnly, "with ghostly steps and slow," into the gentleman's house, to eat the food, which he probably takes because he would not wish to part with, or shorten his sorrows, or to terminate them amidst the sacred dust of some loved friend, over which he is now the generous sentinel. Yet, in this effort of perpetuating his sympathy, and of grudging the moments that are stolen from it, he is not represented as a being apt to form new attachments, or who wishes to expunge the old, by the force of novelty. He is a steady martyr to his fidelity, and knoweth not the shadow of changing. On the contrary, even the sweet voice of benevolence, which would call him into prosperity, and the liberal hand

which offers the means of subsistence, so sorely wanted, have no corrupting power of seducing him into one hour's forgetfulness. The great duty of the mourner's life is evidently drawn to a point—that of attending the ashes of an ancient benefactor in the progress of mortal decay. From this no bribes, no bounties can entice him; and, wonderful to tell! no sooner is nature's meanest want abstemiously as rapidly abated, (for he seems to grudge the time so wasted) than the memory of the dear charge he has forsaken, returns invigorated upon him, and he entombs himself again in this pious manner for three or four days: then once more he crawls forth, lean and emaciated, his eyes sunk, his hair dishevelled, and with every other mark of the prisoner and

the mourner. Thus does he, *literally* pass his days and nights "in the darkness and shadow of death." No sun to cheer, no companion to soothe him. It may not be omitted, for it is a circumstance too honourable to his principles of affection, and to which truth gives her sanction, that his terrene habitation is rendered additionally uncomfortable by a kind of thoroughfare sink, which conducts the noisome damps along his cave; so that his post of honour, which is a sick-bed, is made in the waters, and all the horrors of an ill-aired dungeon must surround him: but his tender nature reckes not this—Love endureth all things. In coming suddenly into day, he is represented as feeling no kind of festivity at the transition, either from the fanning of the

breeze or fervour of the sun; none of those rebounds of joy, or fond elevations, that denote an *ordinary* dog's release from a long and painful confinement. No:—his character is uniform. This *Penferoso-moralist* is a volunteer in captivity; and if in his way from the vaults to his house of feeding, he encounters any of his own kind (from his coffin to his kitchen, which is the utmost limit of his journey,) it has been observed that he takes no notice of their bearing the same impressed form of nature, as if the connecting band was torn from the living, and transferred to the dead; he takes his hasty repast—his necessary morsel, and retires to bury himself alive in his sable retreat. His friendship seems to have worn out the very distinction of sex; and the female form,

with all its attractions, is absorbed in that thick night of sad sensation which hath seized upon his heart; yet he is not ungrateful, nor unmindful of the dues of hospitality. To the servant maid of the house who prepares his pottage, against his hour of *resurrection from the dead*, he expresses a decent sense of acknowledgment. He is not fullen, but sorrowful; but he keeps aloof, and “dips his morsel in the vinegar” reservedly, which I take to hint civilly to his benefactor, his wishes to avoid all approximation to intimacy. It is easy to translate the Dog’s heart upon this circumstance, as well as if we could see into his generous bosom. It runs thus: —“To shew my good principles, I pay thee my tender thanks; but prithee, damsel, attempt not my affections: they

are so entirely engaged, that I have not so much as might be put into a wren's eye, for any other of thy species or my own." We are very much afraid, that the kind-hearted wench will suffer her good nature to get the better of her discretion, and that she will *bezwoman* away the Dog's morals, till he becomes no better than an human being. No; we injure him.—The *fame*, the *immortality* of the Dog require, that he should continue inconsolable. One week's felicity—yea, one moment's mirth, would ruin his reputation with us for ever; and by all that's honourable in nature, or graceful in the affections, we had rather creep into his sepulchre, and assassinate him on his master's tomb, and we are sure the generous reader would do the same, than have him

grow fat, and get into flesh, and recover; yea, but a little, the tone of his mind. It is for his glory he "should go mourning all his life long;" and—which love forbid!—should he be ever base enough to hold up his head again, or to prance it about like the other heedless happy puppies of this world, who so easily forget they ever lost a friend, why, the only consistent character we have ever met will be destroyed.



THE PARTRIDGES.

HARD by yon copse, that skirts the flowery vale,
 As late I walk'd to taste the evening breeze,
 A plaintive murmur mingled in the gale,
 And notes of sorrow echo'd thro' the trees.

Touch'd by the pensive sound, I nearer drew :
 But my rude steps encreas'd the cause of pain :
 Soon o'er my head the whirring *partridge* flew
 Alarm'd ; and with her flew an infant train.

But short the excursion ; for unus'd to fly,
 Feebly the unfledg'd wings the essay could make ;
 The parent, shelter'd by the closing day,
 Lodg'd her lov'd covey in a neighb'ring brake.

Her cradling pinions there she amply spread,
And hush'd the affrighted family to rest ;
But still the late alarm suggested dread,
As closer to their feathery friend they prest.

She, wretched parent ! doom'd to various woe,
Felt all a mother's hope, a mother's fear ;
With grief foresaw the dawn's impending blow,
And to avert it, thus prefer'd her prayer :

O thou ! who even the sparrow dost befriend,
Whose providence protects the harmless wren ;
Thou god of birds ! these innocents defend
From the vile sports of unrelenting men.

For soon as dawn shall dapple yonder skies,
The slaughter'd gunner, with the tube of fate,
While the dire dog the faithless stubble tries,
Shall persecute our tribe with annual hate.

O may the sun, unfann'd by cooling gale,
Parch with unwonted heat the undewy ground ;
So shall the pointer's wonted cunning fail,
So shall the sportsman leave my babes unfound.

Then may I fearless guide them to the mead,
Then may I see with joy their plumage grow,
Then may I see (fond thought !) their future breed,
And every transport of a parent know.

But if some victim must endure the dart,
And fate marks out that victim from my race,
Strike, strike the leaden vengeance thro' this heart,
Spare, spare my babes, and I the death embrace !



THE END OF THE MATTER.

IN the town of Gloucester, an English gentleman was residing, who had been in the army during the time of the late war, which we shall pass over, having nothing remarkable to mention of it, from other unusual things which people are able to hear at least each other, and their friends, and to spend the year's days in doing



THE BIRD-CATCHER AND HIS CANARY.

IN the town of Cleves, an English gentleman was residing with a Prussian family, during the time of the fair, which we shall pass over, having nothing remarkable to distinguish it from other annual meetings where people assemble to stare at, cheat each other, and divert themselves, and to spend the year's savings in buying

those bargains which would have been probably better bought at home. One day after dinner, as the desert was just brought on the table, the travelling German musicians, who commonly ply the houses at these times, presented themselves and were suffered to play, and just as they were making their bows for the money they received for their harmony, a *Bird-catcher*, who had rendered himself famous for educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his appearance, and was well received by the party, which was numerous and benevolent. The musicians, who had heard of this Bird-catcher's fame, begged permission to stay; and the master of the house, who had a great share of good nature, indulged their curiosity, a curiosity in-

deed in which every body participated: for all that we have heard or seen of *learned-pigs*, asses, dogs, and horses, was said to be extinguished in the wonderful wisdom which blazed in the genius of this Bird-catcher's *Canary*. The Canary was produced, and the owner harrangued him in the following manner, placing him upon his fore-finger, *Bijou*, jewel, you are now in the presence of persons of great sagacity and honour: take heed you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you from the world's report: you have got laurels: beware their withering: in a word, deport yourself like the *bijou*—the jewel—of the Canary Birds, as you certainly are. All this time the Bird seemed to listen, and indeed, placed himself in the true attitude of

attention, by sloping his head to the ear of the man, and then distinctly nodding twice, when his master left off speaking; and if ever nods were intelligible and promissory, these were two of them. That's good, said the master, pulling off his hat to the bird. Now, then, let us see if you are a Canary of honour. Give us a tune:—the Canary song. Pshaw! that's too harsh: 'tis the note of a raven, with a hoarseness upon him: something pathetic. The Canary whistled as if his little throat was changed to a lute. Faster, says the man—slower—very well—what a plague is this foot about, and this little head?—No wonder you are out, Mr. *Bijou*, when you forget your time. That's a jewel—*bravo! bravo!* my little man! All that he was ordered, or reminded of, did he

do to admiration. His head and foot beat time—humoured the variations both of tone and movement; and “the sound was a just echo to the sense,” according to the strictest laws of poetical, and (as it *ought* to be) of musical composition—*bravo! bravo!* re-echoed from all parts of the dining-room. The musicians declared the Canary was a greater master of music than any of their band. And do you not shew your sense of this civility, Sir? cried the Bird-catcher with an angry air. The Canary bow’d most respectfully, to the great delight of the company. His next achievement was going through martial exercise with a straw gun, after which, my poor *bijou*, says the owner, thou hast had hard work, and must be a little weary: a few per-

formances more, and thou shalt repose. Shew the ladies how to make a curtesy. The bird here crossed his taper legs, and sunk, and rose with an ease and grace that would have put half our subscription-assembly *belles* to the blush. That's my fine bird!—and now a bow, head and foot corresponding. Here the striplings for ten miles round London might have blushed also. Let us finish with a hornpipe, my brave little fellow—that's it—keep it up, keep it up. The activity, glee, spirit, accuracy, with which this last order was obeyed, wound up the applause, (in which all the musicians joined, as well with their instruments as with their clappings,) to the highest pitch of admiration. Bijou himself seemed to feel the sacred thirst of fame, and shook his little

plumes, and caroled an *Io* *pean* that sounded like the conscious notes of victory. Thou hast done all my biddings bravely, said the master, caressing his feathered servant; now then take a nap, while I take thy place. Hereupon the Canary went into a counterfeited slumber, so like the effect of the poppied-god, first shutting one eye, then the other, then nodding, then dropping so much on one side, that the hands of several of the company were stretched out to save him from falling, and just as those hands approached his feathers, suddenly recovering, and dropping as much on the other; at length sleep seemed to fix him in a steady posture; whereupon the owner took him from his finger, and laid him flat on the table, where the man assured us he would re-

main in a good sound sleep, while he himself had the honour to do his best to fill up the interval. Accordingly, after drinking a glass of wine, (in the progress of taking which he was interrupted by the Canary-bird springing suddenly up to assert his right to a share, really putting his little bill into the glass, and then laying himself down to sleep again) the owner called him a faucy fellow, and began to shew off his own independent powers of entertaining. The *forte* of these lay chiefly in balancing with a tobacco-pipe, while he smoaked with another; and several of the positions were so difficult to be preserved, yet maintained with such dexterity, that the general attention was fixed upon him. But while he was thus exhibiting, an huge BLACK

CAT, who had been no doubt on the watch, from some unobserved corner sprung upon the table, seized the poor Canary in its mouth, and rushed out of the window in despite of all opposition. Though the dining-room was emptied in an instant, it was a vain pursuit; the life of the bird was gone, and its mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner in such dismay, accompanied by such looks and language, as must have awakened pity in a *misanthrope*. He spread himself half length over the table, and mourned his Canary-bird with the most undissembled sorrow. "Well may I grieve for thee, my poor little thing; well may I grieve: more than four years hast thou fed from my hand, drank from my lip, and slept in my bosom,

I owe to thee my support, my health, my strength, and my happiness; without thee, what will become of me? Thou it was that didst ensure my welcome in the best companies. It was thy genius only made me welcome. Thy death is a just punishment for my vanity: had I relied on thy happy powers, all had been well, and thou hadst been perched on my finger, or lulled on my breast, at this moment! But trusting to my own talents, and glorifying myself in them, a judgment has fallen upon me, and thou art dead and mangled on this table. Accursed be the hour I entered this house! and more accursed the detestable monster that killed thee! Accursed be *myself*, for I contributed. I ought not to have taken away my eyes when thine were

closed in frolic. O *Bijou*! my dearest, only *Bijou*! would I were dead also!"

As near as the spirit of his disordered mind can be transfused, such was the language and sentiment of the forlorn Bird-catcher; whose despairing motion and frantic air no words can paint. He took from his pocket a little green bag of faded velvet, and drawing from out of it some wool and cotton, that were the wrapping of whistles, bird-calls, and other instruments of his trade, all of which he threw on the table, "as in scorn," and making a couch, placed the mutilated limbs and ravaged feathers of his Canary upon it, and renewed his lamentations. These were now much softened, as is ever the case when the rage of grief yields to

its tenderness; when it is too much overpowered by the effect to advert to the cause. It is needless to observe, that every one of the company sympathized with him. But none more than the band of *musicians*, who, being engaged in a profession that naturally keeps the sensibilities more or less in exercise, felt the distress of the poor Bird-man with peculiar force. It was really a banquet to see these people gathering themselves into a knot, and, after whispering, wiping their eyes, and blowing their noses, depute one from amongst them to be the medium of conveying into the pocket of the Bird-man, the very contribution they had just before received for their own efforts. The poor fellow perceiving them, took from the pocket the little

parcel they had rolled up, and brought with it, by an unlucky accident, another little bag, at the sight of which he was extremely agitated; for it contained the canary-feed, the food of the "dear lost companion of his heart." There is no giving language to the effect of this trifling circumstance upon the poor fellow; he threw down the contribution-money that he brought from his pocket along with it, not with an ungrateful, but a desperate hand. He opened the bag, which was fastened with red tape, and taking out some of the feed, put it to the very bill of the lifeless bird, exclaiming, "No, poor *Bijou*! no,—thou can'st not peck any more out of this hand that has been thy feeding place so many years:—thou can'st not remember how happy

we both were when I bought this bag full for thee. Had it been filled with gold thou hadst deserved it."—It shall be *filled*—and with gold, said the master of the house, if I could afford it. The good man rose from his seat, which had been long uneasy to him, and gently taking the bag, put into it some silver; saying as he handed it to his nearest neighbour, who will refuse to follow my example? It is not a subscription for mere charity; it is a tribute to one of the rarest things in the whole world; namely, to real feeling, in this sophistical, pretending, parading age. If ever the passion of love and gratitude was in the heart of man, it is in the heart of that unhappy fellow; and whether the object that calls out such feelings be bird, beast, fish, or man, it is alike

virtue, and—Ought to be rewarded—said his next neighbour, putting into the bag his quota. It is superfluous to tell you, that after the seed had been taken wholly away, and put very delicately out of the poor man's sight, every body most cheerfully contributed to make up a purse, to repair, as much as money could, the Bird-man's loss. The last person applied to was a very beautiful *German* young lady, who, as she placed her bounty into the bag, closed it immediately after, and blushed. As there are all sorts of blushes (at least one to every action of our lives that is worth any characteristic feeling, supposing the actor can feel at all) *Suspicion* would have thought this young lady, who was so anxious to conceal her gift, gave little or nothing; but *Candour*, who

reasons in a different manner, would suppose what was really the case—that it was a blush not of avarice or deception, but of benevolence, graced with modesty. *Curiosity*, however, caught the bag, opened it, and turned out its contents, amongst which were a *golden ducat*, that, by its date and brightness, had been hoarded. Ah! ha! said Curiosity, who does this belong to, I wonder? Guilt and innocence, avarice and benignity, are alike honest in one point; since they all in the moment of attack, by some means or other, discover what they wish to conceal. There was not in the then large company a single person, who could not have exclaimed to this young lady, with assurance of the truth—*Thou art the woman!* There was no denying the fact; it was written

on every feature of her enchanting face. She struggled, however, with the accusation almost to tears, but they were such tears as would have given lustre to the finest eyes in the world; for they gave lustre to her's, and would have added effulgence to a ray of the sun. Well, then, if nobody else will own this neglected ducat, said the master of the house, who was uncle to the lady above-mentioned, I will: whereupon he took it from the heap, exchanged it for two others, which enriched the collection. While the business of the heart was thus carrying on, the poor Birdman, who was the occasion and object of it, was at first divided by contrary emotions of pain and pleasure: his eye sometimes directed to the massacred Canary, sometimes to the company; at

length generosity proved the stronger emotion, and grief ebbed away. He had lost a bird, but he had gained the good-will of human beings. The bird, it was true, was his pride and support, but this was not the crisis any longer to bewail his fate. He accepted the contribution-purse, by one means or other filled like the sack of *Benjamin*, even to the brim, and bowed; but spoke not; then folding up the corpse of the Canary in its wool and cotton shroud, departed with one of those looks, that the moment it is seen it is felt and understood; but for which, being too powerful for description, no language has yet been provided. On going out he beckoned the musicians to follow. They did so, striking a few chords that would have graced the funeral of Juliet. The very

soul of the English gentleman pursued the sounds, and so did his feet. He hastened to the outer door, and saw the Bird-man contending about returning the money, which the *founders* of the benevolence—for such were the musicians—had subscribed. On his coming down to breakfast the next morning, he saw the footman departing with *the cat who killed the bird*, “not” said his master, “to put her to death for an act that was natural to her; but to put her where I know she will be out of my sight; for I never could look on her again without being reminded of the most uncomfortable part of yesterday’s adventure: Poor Bijou! I have not a doubt but all we have done atones but scantily for the loss of such a friend. Just as he said this the niece, whose

person and mind I have already particularized, came into the breakfast room: And now, said the old gentleman, to finish the business: Look ye, Henrietta, I gave you this new ducat to lay out at the fair, in any manner you liked best; and though I think the way in which you disposed of it the very best you could have chosen—nay, no more blushing—I think it never ought to go out of our family; for do you know that I have taken it into my superstitious old head, that the blessing of the giver of *all* good will stay with us while such a ducat remains amongst us. I therefore bought it back cheaply with two others. Age is superstitious, you know, my dear. Indulge me then, love, and take care of it while I live, after which it shall be your's:—and

in the mean time, that you may not lose your fairing, in this little purse are ten others, that, though not so distinguished by what, to my old heart, is more precious than the gold of *Ophir*, may serve well enough the common purposes of life." Much of this was spoken with tender difficulty, and the gift was received with more: but she loved the hand which in the first instance had enabled her to be generous, too well not to reward it. Was not this, indeed, an illustration of the virtue of the man of Rofs, who "did good, yet *blushed* to find it fame?"



THE ROBIN.

IN times of old, lived a man, near a great forest. He was a keeper of sheep, and had (as the story goes) a numerous family. Some of his children were grown up, and some were infants. One was rocked in the cradle, and two were lulled upon the lap. The mother was a noted spinner, and when they could hold the wool in their hands, and

had strength enough to turn round the wheel, she set her daughters to work ; while the father took care to find sufficient out-door business for the boys ; some were to tend the herd, and some that were too weak for hard work, scared the birds from the corn. Now it is reported by the neighbours of the adjacent village, that the old shepherd, the father, was a mighty odd character, and bred up his family in a very different manner from his poor neighbours. As he was unable to give them the advantage of an education like ours, and teach them Latin and Greek, he was resolved to furnish them with such accomplishments as his situation permitted. He was a man of tenderness and simplicity, and often spoke to his children in this manner: " Do all the

good you can, boys and girls, and be sure you do no harm. You must labour for a livelihood, but you may always get your bread innocently; and the bread that is earned honestly, will be always the sweeter for it. I am myself obliged to attend a flock; your mother is compelled to spin; to the poor sheep we are therefore all indebted; they afford us food and raiment, they shield us from the cold, and prevent us falling into the jaws of famine. I therefore love the harmless creatures, and would not hurt them for all that they are worth: let this conduct teach you, children, to behave properly to poor dumb animals, and to use them as they deserve to be used. You are *their* friends, and they are *yours*. Prove yourselves their protec-

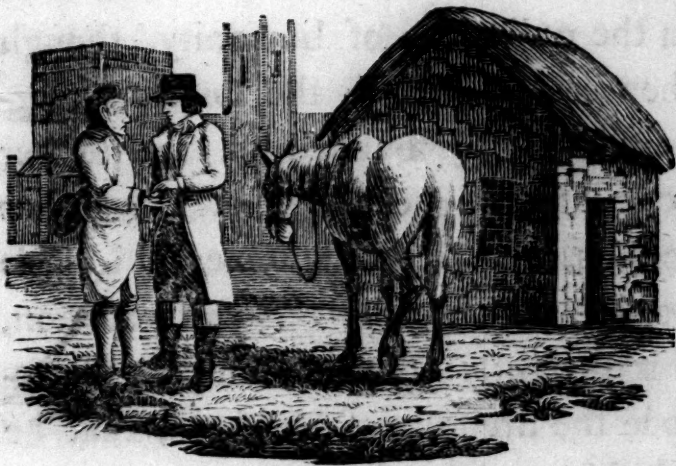
tors ; but I charge you presume not to think you have any right of tyranny ; and be assured, *wanton cruelty will always be returned upon the tormentor.*" The whole family listened to the old man's argument, and it would have been well for them if they had always obeyed the precepts of their father. But now comes the cream of the story, pray therefore attend. The eldest son had one day taken the nest of a Robin, which consisted of five young ones, and a sixth just bursting from the shell. He carried them home to his brothers and sisters, to each of which he gave a bird ; but the little nestling he gave to one of the children in the lap, who wrapping it up in a piece of flannel, put it into a small wicker basket, and set it by the fire. The boy that found the nest,

tied a string to the leg of his bird, and cruelly dragged it after him. The second son run pins through the eyes of his bird, and took a delight in seeing it bleed to death. The third gave his to the cat, or rather *pretended* to give it, for he held it first pretty close to puss's whiskers, and then pulled it away from her, but at last she pounced upon it, and carried off one of the legs. The eldest daughter intended to have taken care of her's, but one of her brothers having murdered his own, seized upon her property, and both pulling the poor wretch different ways, betwixt compassion and cruelty, it died in the contest. And the younger girl, now in possession of the only bird that was left, put her's into a cage, and covered it over with wool. At this crisis the mother,

who had been gleaning, and the poor old shepherd, returned home. The limbs of the dead birds were seen upon the floor, and the cat was busily employed in a corner, at clearing them away. The old man insisted upon the truth. The trembling boy confessed it. "Barbarous wretches! cried the shepherd, is this the return for my care and instruction? But I will punish you for it." The eldest son he tied by the leg, and did to him as he did to the bird; the second son he scratched with pins till his hands were all over blood; at the third he set his dog, who caught him by the leg as he used to catch the sheep; the eldest daughter, who had lost her bird, he pitied. He kissed the second daughter, which had put her poor thing into the cage; but

hugged to his very heart the little creature that had placed the nestling in a warm basket. Now it pleased God, that about six or seven months after this, the eldest son (which had been the cause of all this mischief) fell sick, and died; and many people are now living who say, that as he was going to be put into the ground, the ravens, rooks, kites, and other vast birds, all flew over his coffin, screamed, and could by no means be got away, nor could he rest in his grave for them; because the animals were always digging up the earth under where he lay, as if they were resolved to eat him up—and some declare *he is actually gone*. I beg pardon, school-fellows, for this long story, but I shall finish directly. I cannot help mentioning to you the different

fate of the good little girl who treated the animal tenderly. A year after the death of her brother, she died herself of the small-pox, and I do assure you, it has been told to me as fact, that her grave is a perfect garden, for the Robins do not suffer a single weed to grow upon it, and God Almighty has adorned it with wild flowers, as innocent as the baby which they cover.



THE OLD HORSE ON HIS TRAVELS.

RELATED BY HIS MASTER.

THE whole life of this poor slave, till within the two last years, has been a continued trial of strength, labour, and patience. He was broken to the bit by a Yorkshire jockey, to be rode, the moment he was fit for service, by an Oxonian scholar, who, whatever might have been his learning in the

abstruser sciences, was little conversant in the rudiments of humanity, though they are level with the lowest understanding, and founded on the tender code of that great Lawgiver, who has told us, "a just man is merciful to his beast." During the very first vacation, this sprightly youth so completely out-rode the strength of his steed, that he sold him, on the same day that he regained his college, at the recommencement of the term, for two guineas, to one of those persons who keep livery stables, and at the same time have horses to let. It was not easily possible for a poor wretch, so badly situated before, to change so much for the worse: and of all the fates that attend a hackney horse, that which belongs to the drudge of a public university is the

most severe: it is even harder than that of the servitors of the college. He remained in this servitude, however, sixteen years, during which he was a thousand times not only priest-ridden, but parish ridden, and yet was rarely known to stumble, and never to fall. Is it not questionable whether half the parishioners, or even the priests (with reverence be it spoken) could say as much for their *own* travels in the rugged journey of life? His master, rather from policy than compassion, thought it most for his future interest to allow his four-footed servant a short respite, and he was accordingly favoured with a month's run in what is called a salt marsh; but, before his furlow was expired, he was *borrowed* by some smugglers, who then infested the coast,

and who made him the receiver of contraband commodities, as well as aider and abettor in practices, which, like many other underhand actions, are best carried on in the night time. We say *borrowed*, because after a winter's hard work in the company of these land-pirates, the horse was thrown up by his temporary employers in the very marsh out of which he had been pressed into their service, and a leather label, on which was marked this facetious intelligence, fastened to his fetlock—*Owner, I have been smuggled*. By these means he unexpectedly came again into his quondam master's possession, out of which, however, he departed, the summer after, in the society of an old fellow commoner, who, after many years close confinement in the

cloisters, was disposed to relinquish them in favour of a piece of church preferment in Norfolk, which happened to be in the gift of a lady about his own standing in life, and who, in the days of her youth, avowed so strong a partiality for this gentleman, that her father, disapproving her alliance with a person who had only the hopes of a curacy before his eyes, thought fit to clog her inheritance, over which he had complete authority, with a formidable condition of forfeiting the whole estates, should she marry a son of the church: shutting out, hereby, the whole body of divinity, to exclude the aforesaid individual member. Faithful, however, to the merits of the man who had won her heart, she was glad to find that the parental tyranny which had tied her

hand, had left free her fortune: she, therefore, took the first opportunity to present the object of her early choice with the only piece of service in her power—a presentation to the living of which she was become the patroness, thinking this a better evidence of her still existing partiality, than if she had set fortune at defiance, and sacrificed not only her own advantages but her lover's, to gratifying a passion which would have impoverished both. An example of tenderness, this, well worthy the imitation of more romantic minds. It was to be inducted to this living our learned clerk now journeyed on the ancient steed whose memoirs I am now writing, and as he did not intend to revisit the banks of the Isis, and had often been securely carried to a

neighbouring chapel, where he officiated, on the back of this identical horse, he purchased him, to the intent that he should get into a good living also. But the turbulent part of this poor brute's adventures was not yet performed. His patron died without himself deriving what might have been expected from his benefice; and soon after the decease of the master, the servant fell into the hands of a man in the same parish, who, to a variety of other endeavours to subsist a large and needy family, added that of letting out occasionally a horse. Our hero, still unbroken in either knees or constitution, was deemed fit for his purpose, and being thought of little value, was obtained at an easy price. His new master removed soon after to Lowestoft,

which you know is a considerable sea-bathing town by the sea-side, in the county of Suffolk, where the toils imposed by his Oxford tyrant were more than accumulated; for, besides dragging a cart all the morning with loads of bread (a baker being amongst the businesses of his master,) he was, on account of his gentle disposition, the Horse fixed upon to take a couple of gouty invalids in the bathing machine, after the more vigorous divers and dippers had finished their ablutions. In the afternoon he was harnessed to the London post-coach, which daily past from Lowestoft to Yarmouth. The next morning, by day-break, he came with the return of the said coach, and was then ready for the diurnal rotation at home, unless a more profitable offer

happened to take him another way. Four years of his life were passed in this miserable round of labours, and it was at this period of his history he and I became acquainted.

My affections were engaged, and I was pre-determined to make a present to them of this Horse, for a sight of which I immediately sent my servant; but when he was led to the door of my friend's house, and though my resolution to mark him for my own grew firmer as I gazed upon his pity-moving carcase, I totally gave up all ideas of his utility. The owner himself, confessed he was almost done up, at which thought a long sigh ensued, and a confession that he had been the chief support of the family, observing, while he

patted his neck, that the poor fellow might be said not only to carry his children's bread to be sold, but to make it.—“ But its all over with you now, my old boy—continued the baker—you may get me through the autumn, mayhap, and then”—“ What then, said I?” “He must hobble away to the kennel”—“ To the kennel?” “ Even so, master—What must be, must be: I can't afford to let him die by inches; and if I could, I don't see the humanity of that: better give him to the dogs while they can make a meal of him, and pay me a small matter for their entertainment.—He will, however, carry your honour this month to come creditably.”

Pre-determined as I said to spare the remains of this poor wretch, I bought

him on the spot, convinced that it would be difficult to find any other person who would receive him on any terms. His appearance was such as would have justified Rosinante in refusing his acquaintance on the etiquette of comparative poverty. The association would have disgraced that celebrated spectre; nor did Quixote himself exhibit so woeful a countenance. If ever, therefore, I could boast of an action purely disinterested, and which had unalloyed compassion for its basis, it was the giving five times more than he was worth, that is to say, five guineas, for this old horse; intending only, at the time, that he should pass the residue of his days in peaceful indolence, broke in upon by the infirmities of life, and die a natural death.

To this end I obtained him the run of a friend's park, where I considered him as a respectable veteran retired on a pension. In this verdant hospital he remained, unfought, unseen, a whole year; at the end of which, being invited to pass the Christmas with the noble and generous owners of the park aforesaid, I paid a visit also to my pensioner, who had grown so much beyond himself on their unmeasured bounty, that he seemed to be renovated. Do not wonder that I scarce knew him in his improvements, for he appeared not to know himself. The poor fellow's very character was inverted; the alteration reached from head to heel: he neighed, snorted, kicked, and frolicked about the pasture, on my first attempt to stop him, with the airs of a

filly-foal. I reminded him that he ought to deport more humbly, considering the melancholy situation from which he was but recently delivered; yet, so far from paying any attention, he turned from my morality with another snort of disdain, tossed up his saucy head, and threw up his heels, wholly forgetting, like other ingrates, his former condition. Like them too, he appeared to consider the world now made for him; and, therefore, betwixt jest and earnest, I was resolved once more to shew him he was made for the world.

The very next day I caused him to be taken from his green recess, and performed the tour of the environs on his back. More airily, more pleasantly,

I could not have been carried, nor, towards the end of the ride, more soberly. The spirit which he shewed in the pasture was but as the levities of a hearty and happy old age in the plenitude of uncurbed leisure; like the gaiety of a veteran, who, finding himself in health, might take it into his head to finish in a country dance; but these are fallies for a moment. Ah! my friend, how many poor starving wretches, worn down by their cruel task-masters, goaded like this horse by the "whips and spurs of the time," and driven out of one hard service to another, might, like him, be rescued, in the extremity, at small expence, and by the hand of bounty be protected from farther rigours! even till they were renewed for a serviceable, instead of a

diseased, old age! How many half-famished, hard-ridden creatures of the human race, I say, might, in like manner, be replenished. Reject not this long story—this episode—this heroi-comi-epic if you please—but I cannot allow you to call it a digression. You will admit it to be in point when you are given to understand, that on this very horse, thus restored by a little indulgence, I have measured a thousand miles, and find my associate in sufficient heart to measure a thousand more. In the four-and-twentieth year of his age we sallied forth; and if the master had in course of his travels made as few trips, as few false steps, as the servant, he might be a match for the safest goer on the road of life.

* * *To this we cannot but subjoin an account of the treatment of the benevolent HOWARD to his aged Horses, not only as strongly and tenderly allied to "PITY'S GIFT," but as an incentive to, and an example of, the divine and blessed quality of MERCY.*

The late Mr. Howard had a range of pastures sacred to the old age of those horses who had carried him pleasantly, or worked for him honestly and industriously, till they were no longer fit for service. This is the moment when horses are, in general, either sold at an under price to people who are constrained to allow no touch of pity to predominate over that charity which begins at home, or else they are destroyed, and given to the dogs, their masters alledging, that it is an act of

humanity. Our Philanthropist's humanity never leading him to kill an old servant, he turned his useless horses into the aforesaid pastures, where they remained happy pensioners on his bounty for the rest of their lives.

Walking over those grounds with the generous master of them, it was delightful to see twenty or thirty of these quadruped pensioners, enjoying themselves in perfect freedom from labour, and in full supply of all that old age requires. Each of the fields had a comfortable shed, which the inhabitants could resort to in the hard weather, and were sure of finding the rigours of the season softened by a well-furnished crib of the best hay, and a manger either of bran, or corn,

ground, or some other nourishing food. Chelsea hospital is not better accommodated: It was charming on a pleasant day to observe some of the pensioners renovating in the sun, others reposing in the shade; but on the approach of their benefactor, all of them, actuated by a spirit of gratitude worthy of imitation, that could move with ease, came towards him, invited his attentions, and seemed very sensible of their situation. Some, whose limbs almost refused their offices, put themselves to no small difficulties to limp towards him, and even those, who, being confined to their hovels, might be fairly said to be bed-ridden, turned their languid eyes to him, and appeared sensible of his pity, and caressings.

“ These have been all very faithful creatures,” he would say, “ and have strong claims upon me: that poor fellow, who has now scarce a leg to stand upon, was the constant companion of my peregrinations for six-and-twenty years, and was as proud and prancing, as he is now humble and decrepid; and the iron-grey invalid, which you see yonder, dragging his slow length along, was in the days of his youth such a roving, riotous fellow, that no gate or hedge could keep him within bounds, and it was a day’s work sometimes to catch him; nay, when he was caught, it required more address and horsemanship than ever I was master of, to make him understand, that the philosophy of a parson’s pad had more charms for me than all the flights of

Bucephalus, or even of Pegasus himself. Look at him now. The morality of the contrast is obvious."

In this manner he went on, enumerating the several qualities, and historical anecdotes of the several pensioners. "There was one," he remarked, "that was at no time a horse for him, and would not probably have been amongst his pensioners, but that he had been once rode by a relation of his, a young agreeable rake, who valued him for the very points that made him useless to me, his skittishness, and impetuosity; all which he asserted, were the sure marks, both in man and beast, of a generous spirit, high heart, and noble disposition. Now, as my little frolic-loving cousin was precisely of this

character himself, and after a mad, but not vicious, career of fifteen years, consolidated into a very good man, I suffered the Horse and his master to reform themselves at leisure, and wish with all my soul, that half the reformed rakes about town, had turned out so well, after sowing their wild oats, as did this young gentleman and his favourite steed, who, for the eight last years of his servitude, was a pattern of sobriety to horses and riders."



THE OX AND THE LAMB.

ABOUT a mile from the western-gate of the town of Cleves, a traveller perceived a man and boy busied in doing something to the most beautiful Ox he ever beheld: as he came nearer, he found they were adorning it with a great variety of fanciful ornaments; a large collar of yew branches, tied with ribbon, and wreathed with other ever-greens, was thrown

over its neck: papers, on which were drawn herds, flocks, and shepherds, and folded into large beau-knots, were fixed, it is to be feared *pinned* with large corkers, to its skin, in various parts of the body: bunches of the same were tied to the tail, braided into the mane, and the brows were hung with a garland of holly, of which there was a twist, fastened by a red filleting, even to the horns, the tips of which were stuck with little May-bushes in bloom. His attention was presently called from this, by the bleat of a Sheep and its Lamb: those creatures were bound to an hedge in a corner of the same enclosure. They were dressed nearly in the taste of the Ox, with this variation in the Lamb, a collar of early opening flowers of the field, and some twigs of

hawthorn in bud, and which, betwixt sport and earnest, it was trying to get into its mouth. On asking the cause of all this finery, he was told it was upon account of its being a *jour-de-fête*, and also the day before that of the greatest beef, mutton, and lamb market in the whole year! And pray, friend, said the traveller, where is the necessity of dressing the animals in that manner? 'Tis our custom, Sir, replies the man driving the Ox towards the town, and the boy with the Sheep and Lamb, now unbound, following his example. The traveller had not time for more interrogatories, being wholly taken up with the anticks of the Lamb, which frolicking sometimes with its mother, and sometimes with the boy, and sometimes even with its own shadow,

brought so close under his eye, and so near indeed to his very heart, the fine lines of Mr. Pope, that he repeated them over and over. Every image of this description had its immediate illustration in the object before him:

"The Lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,

"Had he thy reason would he skip and play?

"Pleased to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,

"And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood!"

They gained Cleves as the traveller pronounced, for the tenth time, that impressive verse, which gives the moral in the following line—

"O blindness to the future! KINDLY given."

The animals were led, or rather driven, through the principal streets,

literally for a *shew*, it being the practice of WESTPHALIA for the butchers to exhibit their meat *alive* the day preceding the slaughter. "I pretend," says our traveller, "to question neither the use nor the necessity of all this; nor by any means to stretch pity or feeling beyond its bounds. I only observe, that my affections followed these creatures in their *funeral* procession through the town of CLEVES, and could not leave them till on turning a narrow lane I saw, with a kind of emotion easily guessed, the door of the place destined for their destruction; it being a practice in this country to slaughter their meat, and a very filthy one it is*, in the open street; the pavements and

* The same vile custom prevails in many parts of HOLLAND.

kennels of which are stained, running with blood. I will carry you no further into this little adventure than just to note, that being the next day obliged to pass the end of the street, where I took leave of my poor dumb companions, I observed not only several parts of them hung upon hooks at the butcher's shop, but several of the ornaments. Even the flowers that were wreathed about the face of the Lamb were now crowded into its mouth, and spotted with its harmless blood. "Poor little fellow," said the traveller, "thou wert yesterday the merriest of the frisking tribe! Would I had never met thee! If in the course of the week, it was my lot to *eat* any part of these animals at the tables where I then visited, as was most probably the case, consider *poor*

human nature, and forgive me! I am not preposterous enough to advise a being, who is made up of appetites to abstain from the gratification of such as are necessary to existence, but while we yield to the stern laws of our mortality, let us not spurn all sort of feeling, like the man, who, on seeing some lambs at sport in a meadow, exclaimed, " Ah, ye dear innocent, beautiful creatures, would to heaven I had a joint of ye to-day for dinner, with nice spinnage and butter!" A very different sentiment sprung up in the mind of the spectator of this scene as he surveyed the amputated limbs of these his late associates, and he could not but remember what the heart-melting Otway says on the subject:

*“Lead, lead me like a tame Lamb to sacrifice,
“Thus in his fatal garlands deck’d, fine and pleas’d,
“The wanton skips and plays——
“Trots by th’ inticing, flattering, priestess’ side,
“And much transported with his little pride,
“Forgets his dear companions of the plain,
“Till, by her bound, he’s on the altar lain,
“And then, too, hardly bleats.”*

Never can this affecting passage be
more touchingly illustrated than in the
case of the Lamb of WESTPHALIA.

FINIS.

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